THE

IMPARTIAL.

AN

ADDRESS, without FLATTERY.

BEING

A POET's Free Thoughts

ON THE

Situation *of our* PUBLIC AFFAIRS, ANNO 1744.

LONDON:

Printed for M. COOPER, in *Pater-noſter Row.*

M. DCC. XLIV.

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TO THE

GREAT ORIGINAL

Of the Following

PICTURE.

My Lord,

THAT I decline the Honour of attending, with at leaſt one *honeſt Addreſs*, is from ſome Hazard there might be, of your miſtaking the true Motive of it. Free from all Ambition to make One, among the Worſhippers of your *Fortune*, I preſent you, and at Diſtance too, a bare Confeſſion of your *Virtues*.

To know the Writer of this Piece, can be of no Importance to your Lordſhip. He lies too low to merit a great Miniſter's Inquiry. It will pleaſe the Public better, that he knows You, rightly: and, that he does ſo, he appeals to the Poem.

He

HE is too well acquainted with the modern Turn of Sentiment, in ſome, (who, for a few Years, muſt be *called*) Great Men, to look for any preſent Conſequence, from *Poetry*; where even the Beſt finds more Contempt than due *Diſcernment*. But, at the ſame time he knows, that this is One, among the Faults of bad Adminiſtration, which a Soul like Yours came qualified to think *worth mending:* And we might have had more Certainty, that you would do it, had you been as pleaſed with your own Profit, as the Public's; ſince the cleareſt Intereſt is *His*, in every Honour done the *Muſes*, who is born for Actions, of a Pitch *above the Spirit* of cold Writers.

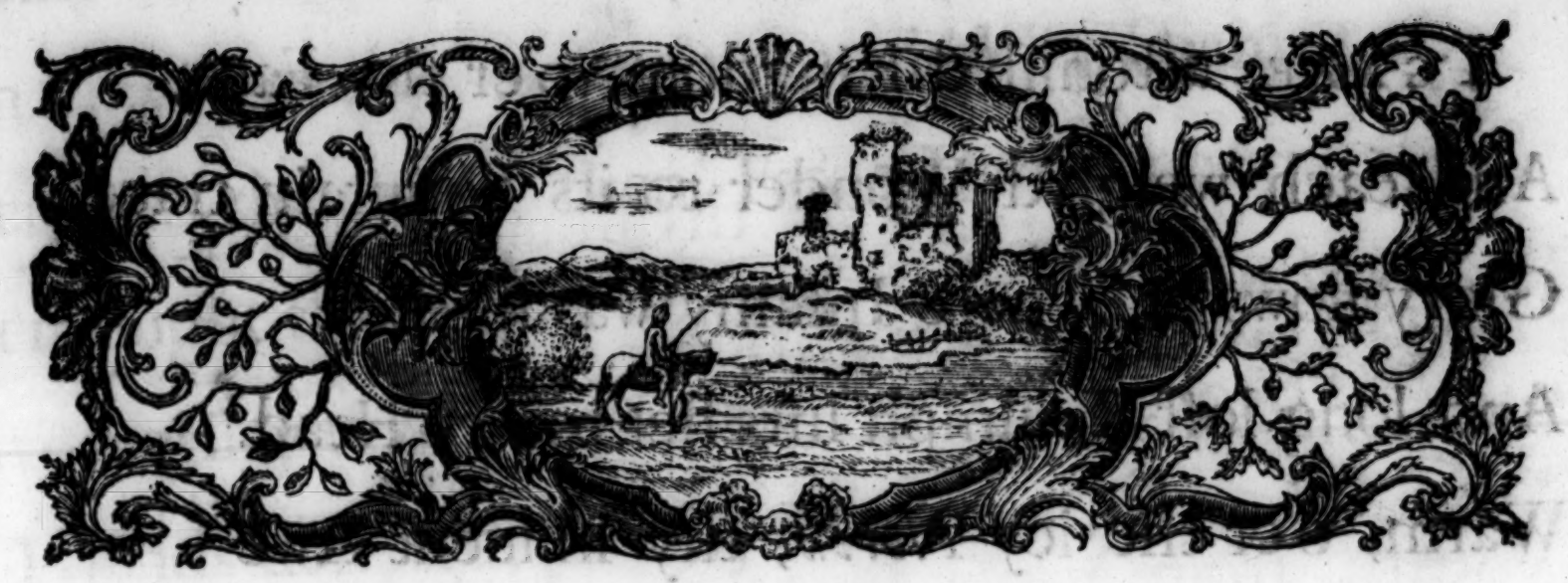
I HAVE nothing more to trouble you with, except the warm and juſt good Wiſhes of

Your LORDSHIP's quondam *Schoolfellow*,

And One of your ſincereſt

Humble Servants,

IGNOTUS.



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ARE theſe the Marks, then, of our promis'd [*Shame!*
Or did Detraction ſteal the Patriot's Name?
Weak, if we were, how roſe we, now, ſo [ſtrong?
Or whence, if pow'rful, were we ſcorn'd, ſo long?
Burn, ſooty Slander, burn, thy blotted Scroll:
Greatneſs is Greatneſs, ſpite of Faction's *Soul.*

I GAZE, aſtoniſh'd Kingdom, o'er thy Face,
And each weigh'd Wonder to its Fountain trace.
Glory flows in, where Infamy was ſpread:
And long-loſt Triumph lifts her tow'ry Head.
Warm, o'er the icy *North*, thy influent Awe
Bids hoſtile Leagues *diſſolve*, in friendly Thaw.
Up *Rhine*'s long Stream *Britannic* Thunders winde,
And *Alpine* Mountains ſhake ----- and States, behind.
Auſtria's plum'd Eagle, beak'd and wing'd once more,
Sees baffled *Bourbon* driv'n, from Shore to Shore.
Sea-ſhook *Auſonia*, red with warring Hoſts,
Starts, from her *Adrian*, to her *Tyrrhene*, Coaſts.
Ev'n *Rome*'s imperious *Mitre* learns to *bow!*
And *Spain*'s THALESTRIS is, but, *Woman*, now!

WHENCE this amazing Change? ----- 'twas, late, all,
No warring God, invok'd, inclin'd his Ear. [*Fear:*
Tyrants, combin'd, found Freedom's Rights betray'd:
Faith, faſt-expiring, ſaw the Falſe invade,

Com-

Commerce cajol'd, Reluctance brib'd, Rage tame:
Ev'n *Empire trod on* --- yet, untouch'd by Shame!
Then, was the *Criſis*; then, Fate's Hand appear'd:
Then might the World be deaf---for, *Britain* heard.
Wave-worſhip'd *Britain!* One, to All, oppos'd!
By Friends deſerted, and by Foes inclos'd,
Fills the World's Eye; diſpels the *Doubter*'s Care;
Bids the Bold tremble, and the Backward dare:
High, to the Nations, points their *Guardian*'s Throne,
And acts, and arbitrates, and ſhines, *alone*.

And have ſuch Fires inflam'd a patient Reign?
Immortal Heav'n! and muſt we, ſtill, *complain*?
Still, muſt we rail, and blacken, and ſuſpect?
At once, curb Vigilance, and *goad* Neglect?
Deep let my Soul deteſt th' *adheſive* Pride,
That, changing Sentiment, unchanges Side:
True, to Contempt of Truth, repents within---
Yet, ſcreens Conviction; and *ſtrains hard*, to ſin.

SHAME on this Craft, to *ſcare!* --this Toil, to *ſeem!*
O Heart, indignant, fly th'unmanly Scheme:
Bluſh, for thy paſt Injuſtice; ſhrink no more;
But wake — and wonder, thou wert dark, before!
Learn, from *whoſe Hand* th'unlook'd-for Effluence [came:
And, in the Teeth of Inſult, *found his Name.*

WHAT, tho' ſome Friend thou lov'ſt had narrower [Sight?
Truth knows no *Parties;* and involves, like *Light.*
Shadows and Names fright Cowards --- but the Strong
Ne'er call That *Lightneſs*, which is *Scorn* of *Wrong.*
Dare to be *juſt*: 'tis all that Brav'ry means.
He ſtoops too baſely, who to *Flatt'ry* leans:
But, whome pale *Prejudice* has taught his Part,
Born, for a Slave, wears Fetters, on his *Heart*;
Sees, undiſcerning; feels, without his Touch;
Judges, too little ---- and decides too much.

POETS have nobler Souls: Fame's Paths, they *ſhow*:
They glow themſelves --- and teach the *World*, to glow.
Satire's whole Pow'r their own --- yet, *Praiſe*, they *chuſe*:
Ev'n of unconſcious Kings, who *ſlight* the Muſe.
Proud of neglected Force, each Heav'n-touch'd Mind,
Open, to Reaſon, is, to Int'reſt, blind:
Self all un-thought of, can, for others, think:
Swim, till the State *rides ſafe* --- then, ſmile, and *ſink*;
Lift, ev'n the Worth that hates him; love it *ſhown*;
And, for his Country's Joys, *exclude* his own,
This is to think, like *Muſes*; act, like MAN:
This, *Princes* OUGHT to feel --- and *Poets* CAN.

YE, once miſguided! is Retraction *vain*?
Truſt the Brave injur'd: nor perſiſt, to ſtain.
Why ſhould *Suſpicion* Penitence outlive?
None doubt Forgiveneſs, but who ne'er forgive.
HEAV'N has been *wrong'd*: yet, ſtill, goes on to *bleſs*.
For, Sins of Blindneſs err, *beneath* Diſtreſs.
So wrong'd, ſo pard'ning, *Cart'ret* heeds no Foe;
But *ſaves* --- unangry at, the *Rage below*.

OFF with theſe ſhackly *Quoils*, of twine'd Intrigue;
Theſe Nets for Liberty, theſe Links of League.
Trite, venal, *Cants!* which Envy's Arts can teach
To cenſure ev'ry Pow'r, we fail to *reach*.
No gen'rous Heart, miſdrawn to devious *Beat*,
When Truth's new Luſtre ſhines, diſclaims its Heat.
Charm'd, and ſurpris'd, I *hug* my Country's Fame;
Compar'd, O Heav'n! with Years, of length'ning *Shame*.

YE *Sons*, who love Her, weigh the threat'ning Swell,
Of *Spain*, *France*, Faction, Calumny, and Hell!
Weigh, with what *Speed*, repell'd from *Mound* to *Mound*,
Subſiding Danger ſought her *bidden* Bound!
Hail the white Cliffs of *Albion*, held, ſerene,
While round her, redd'ning, rolls the *bloody* Scene.
I hail it, *All*:--- and hail th' acknowledg'd CAUSE!
Hail the Mind's *Reach*, that gives Earth's Uproar LAWS!
Safe, mid ſurrounding *Menace*, guards Mankind!
Guides ev'ry Council! buſies ev'ry Wind!

Shakes

Shakes the World's Shakers! *hears*, for Land and Main,
And binds fell Tyrants, while they *bite* their Chain.

YE Muſe-made *Mentors!* rais'd, on Fancy's Wings,
To think for Heroes, and to reign for Kings;
When cou'd your Sons, of Time's *feign'd* Births, do [more?
For, ne'er, *true* Story reach'd *theſe Heights*, before.

FAV'RITES have, *oft*, in many a troubled State,
Poiz'd the *King*'s *Love*, againſt the *People*'s *Hate*;
Oft, the firm Leader, in ſome Patriot Scheme,
Has, with bold Steerage, *ſtemm'd* the *Royal* Stream:
And, *ſometimes*, too, --- yet rare, too rare, that Praiſe!
The Safe at home, *abroad* have gather'd *Bays*.

But NONE, till *Cart'ret* roſe, e'er hop'd to *ſee*
One maſt'ring Genius *graſp th'* UNWILLING THREE!
Prince half confiding ---- People All unjuſt ----
Abroad *All Diſcord*, and at home, Diſtruſt ----

Propp'd

Propp'd on *Himſelf*, like the World's *Weight*, he lay;
And, thro' *Contention's Impulſe*, ſhape'd his *Way*;
Heard the claſh'd Elements --- deſpis'd their Brawl---
Roll'd on, ſelf-centred ---and *inorb'd 'em, All!*

FINIS.